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A

RACE for *Canterbury!*

OR,

LAMBETH Ho!

A

POEM,

DESCRIBING

The Contention for the Metropolitan SEE.

Behold four B—ps, Tooth and Nail,
Struggling who firſt ſhall Lambeth *hale.*
The firſt is old, yet very willing;
The ſecond's brave at Rebel-killing;
The third is pious, good and juſt,
And worthy of ſo great a Truſt:
The fourth ſtrove hard to gain the Point,
And ſtretched every Nerve and Joint;
But finding that his Labour's loſt
He ſays, he'll not accept the Poſt.

LONDON:
Printed for B. DICKINSON, Printſeller and Publiſher againſt the *India Houſe* in *Leadenhall-Street.*
MDCCXLVII.
Price Six-Pence.

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Sons

A

RACE for *Canterbury*:

OR,

LAMBETH Ho!

THE Doctrines which our Saviour taught,
Were with moſt humble Precepts fraught.
Honours, and dear deluding Pelf,
Which Men prefer to Heav'n itſelf,
We in the Goſpel find diſgrac'd,
And with inviſible Goods replac'd.
The good Diſciples, tho' their Lord
Had given them his gracious Word,
That all their Wants ſhould be ſupply'd,
That Earth was theirs, and Heav'n beſide,

Yet wanted to be High and Great,
Not leſs than Miniſters of State;
But ſoon were taught an humbler Notion,
That ſadder Things muſt be their Portion,
With Hunger, Thirſt, and all the Evils,
That cou'd be brought by Men or Devils;
That they muſt ſuffer vile Diſgrace,
Be hunted out from Place to Place,
And when they'd paſs'd thro' Scenes of Woes,
Some horrid Death their Lives ſhou'd cloſe.
He that wou'd aim at Honour's Seat,
Muſt meekly waſh his Brother's Feet;
And that their Grandeur ne'er wou'd come,
Till the laſt general Day of Doom.

But Times have ſince --- 'tis wondrous ſtrange!
Receiv'd a moſt ſurprizing Change:
Religion, which had once ſuch Force,
We ſee is made a ſtalking Horſe;
And that which once made Saints and Martyrs,
The Prieſt for Wealth and Honour barters:
Gold is the Idol he adores,
And its Almighty Aid implores.
Pleaſure, and all the Pride of Life,
Is now the Churchman's pious Strife.

The Paſtor, who ſhou'd feed his Flock
With all the Scripture's ſacred Stock;
Who his dear Sheep ſhou'd feed and nouriſh,
And weakly Younglings bear and cheriſh,
Suppoſes it a Venial Sin
To ſhear them to the very Skin.
Biſhops, it's ſaid, in antient Time,
Deem'd Covetouſneſs a heinous Crime:
With their own Hands they wrought, to ſpare
The Church --- The Church was all their Care;
Thro' their ſmall Dioceſes trudg'd
On Foot, nor any Labour grudg'd,
Content their Maſter there to pleaſe,
Ne'er gap'd for fatter Benefice.
Their Souls were uncorrupt and pure,
And never aſk'd for *Sine Cure.*
Commendams then were Things unknown,
Tho' now in mighty Faſhion grown.
They labour'd hard, each in his Station,
Nor ever dreamt of a *Tranſlation,*
Except to Heav'n from Pains and Woes,
And from the Malice of their Foes.
All this is true; and 'tis allow'd
That Churchmen once were very good:

They

They preach'd, and pray'd, and ſung their Pſalms,
And fed the Poor with chearing Alms:
But why? Becauſe they did not know
What with their Money then to do.
Their Goods, their Chattles, nay, their All
Were ſubject to a Tyrant's Call.
Then who wou'd hoard up Riches, pray,
He was not ſure to keep a Day?
But now ſhe flouriſhes amain,
Nor is her Splendor like to wane.
In Lands and Riches bravely grown,
She ſpreads her Shadow far around.
Beneath her Branches, ſee! ſhe feaſts
An Army of fat, brawney Prieſts:
How glorioufly their Faces ſhine!
Their Bellies, how they ſtrut with Wine!
Content and Pleaſure, Mirth and Glee,
In ev'ry jolly Face we ſee.
With Honours many dignify'd,
Indulge in all the Luſt of Pride.
Others, with various Plenty bleſs'd,
Sit down content with Wealth and Reſt;
And that their Health may run no Riſque,
Employ their Drudges at the Deſk.

The

The Prelate thinks it no Reproach,
To troll the Streets in ſtately Coach;
Nor is aſham'd to own he deals
In Stocks and Funds; and buys and ſells,
As Market, variable, pleaſes,
And ſtill the lucky Minute ſeizes,
When the beſt Bargain may be had,
For Profit makes his Heart full glad.
Chriſt ſays, *Be not ye called Lords*,
(In *Matthew* you will find the Words,
Chapter and Verſe I need not quote,
The Parſons have it all by Rote.)
But what was then adjudg'd a Crime,
Is Duty in a Length of Time.
Th' Apoſtles were poor honeſt Men,
And ill wou'd ſuit them *Lord* or *Dean*;
But ſince the Church is rich and great,
Her Sons may ſurely ſwell in State.
Like Stars they ſhould adorn their Sphere,
And ſhine illuſtrious every-where;
That from their elevated Station,
They may enlighten all the Nation;
And for that very ſame Intent,
Have got them Seats in Parliament.

Ambition, when directed right,
And keeps the Publick Good in Sight,
Can never ſure deſerve our Blame,
But gains the Man an honeſt Fame.
Thus Biſhops, when advanc'd on high,
Are ſtill ſuppos'd to have an Eye,
O'er all the Church that ſtands below,
To ſee it thrive, and ſpread, and grow.
Ye Sons of Envy, then forbear
To throw your ſpiteful Cenſures here.
Ceaſe your unmannerly Reproaches,
And let the Biſhops keep their Coaches.
Be not too curious in your Search,
But have Regard for Mother Church.
Charge not her Sons with Luſt of Power,
Becauſe you ſee them craving more;
They're truly good, as well as great,
And humble, tho' they ride in State.
Believe me, Sirs, their whole Ambition
(I ſpeak it with profound Submiſſion)
Is to be uſeful in their Station,
Both to the Church, and to the Nation,
The very End of their *Tranſlation!*

Alas!

Alas! the Church's rev'rend Head,
The learned, pious *Potter*'s dead,
Who fill'd with great Propriety,
Old *Canterbury*'s ſacred See.
Peace to the Mem'ry of the Man,
A worthy Metropolitan.
Lambeth! Ah! melancholy Place,
Where Pots and Spits now ruſt apace.
Thy ſpacious Halls, ſo fam'd of old
For good Proviſion hot and cold,
Arachne there erects her Loom,
Nor fears the long deſtructive Broom.
Cranmer the Poor and Hungry fed,
The Stranger too at Board and Bed
Was entertain'd with friendly Care,
Worthy the Chriſtian Prelate there,
Whoſe free and hoſpitable Gate
Admitted both the Small and Great;
None from his Preſence ever came
Unſatisfy'd; but bleſs'd his Name.
No ſooner Death had ſeiz'd the Seer
Juſt in the Middle of his Prayer,
But inſtantly on *Thames* appear'd
Four Wherries rowing very hard.

Each

Each Rower clad in Sleeves of Lawn,
A Trencher-Cap his Head upon.
Each ſweats and toils with Might and Main,
The noted *Lambeth* Point to gain;
For that's the Mark, and there's the Prize
On which they all have fixt their Eyes.
Sh---, tho' old, has got the Start,
And vig'rouſly he plays his Part.
His Arm, tho' feeble, yet in Truth,
The Prize in View renews his Youth;
So tuggs the Oar, and pulls away,
To gain, if poſſible, the Day.
Pleads Services of antient Date,
Which he had done for Church and State;
And thinks it hard to be deny'd
So ſmall a Boon before he dy'd.
All his Ambition is, he ſays,
That he may once be call'd *his Grace*,
And then let Death come when it will,
He ſhall the greateſt Pleaſure feel.
H--- in order next advances;
And full of Hopes, he ſtrangely fancies,
That he by Dint of Merit ſhall
Get firſt to Land by *Lambeth* Wall.

And as he urges on his Speed,
Counts in his Mind each ſingle Deed
Which he had done to ſerve the Crown,
To ev'ry loyal Subject known.
'Who dares deny the Honours due,
'When daring Rebels made us rue;
'To the bold Stand which then I made,
'At Peril of my mitred Head?
'When I, not only brave in Word,
'But turn'd my Croſier to a Sword;
'Chang'd my white Lawn for bloody Red,
'My Pen to Pike to take the Lead;
'Summon'd the People up, and pray'd
'That I their General might be made;
'Ding'd in their Ears the Glory won
'By Feats perform'd by Sword and Gun;
'And if amidſt the horrid Fight,
'A Bullet took them in its Flight,
'It ſurely ſent their Souls to Bliſs,
'And everlaſting Happineſs.
'Thus I harangu'd the gaping Croud,
'Who all huzza'd moſt wond'rous loud;

'Than bade me lead 'em to the Foe,
'And then their Courage I ſhou'd know.
'This and much more I do aver,
'Was done by me with mighty Stir,
'Now wou'd it not be very hard
'Such Virtue ſhou'd have no Reward?
'And what Reward can equal be,
'Unleſs they give me *Lambeth* See?
'As to the feeble Wretch before,
'I'll drive his Boat and him a-ſhore;
'And then I'll ſwiftly ſtretch away,
'And boldly ſeize the noble Prey.

M--ſ--n moves on a ſober Pace,
And ſits and rows with eaſy Grace.
No ruffling Paſſion's in him ſeen,
Indiff'rent if he loſe or win.
He knows the Weight of ſuch a Charge,
And that it will his Cares enlarge.
Does with himſelf his Talents ſcan;
A Proof that he's the fitteſt Man!
Yet having no ſelf-biaſs'd Ends,
Will wait the Pleaſure of his Prince.

Next *Codex* comes with lab'ring Oar,
And, envious, ſees the Three before.
Yet luggs and tuggs with ev'ry Joint,
In Hopes at length to gain the Point.
'Long have I ſerv'd in humble Sort,
'As a mere Drudge a graceleſs Court;
'My leaky Veſſel long have ſteer'd
'By ev'ry Miniſterial Card;
'Taught Principles the moſt in Faſhion:
'For what?— why, for a *good Tranſlation.*
'If then ſuch Services have Merit,
'Th' Arch-Mitre's mine, and I will wear it.
So ſaid, he turn'd about his Head
To ſee how well his Voyage ſped.
Soon he obſerv'd with aking Heart,
He acted a ſucceſsleſs Part;
The more he ſtrove the farther off,
And quickly'd be the common Scoff;
Reſted his Oars, and ſtood ſtock ſtill,
Tho' very ſore againſt his Will;
Then pond'ring on the Sum of Things,
The Will of Heav'n, and Will of Kings:

'Why

‘ Why ſhould I thus, ſaid he, ſo gape
‘ For a ſlight Feather in my Cap?
‘ Honour and Wealth enough I have,
‘ More Cares would haſte me to my Grave.
‘ No! I'll be eaſy in my Station,
‘ And ſtrive no more for a *Tranſlation.*

FINIS.